6.1.6

A

VINDICATION

of the Late

SERMON,

On -- Curse ye Meroz;

From the Idle Aspersions cast upon it and its Author.

With a Full and True Narrative of many Material Passages in Mr *Hickeringill's* LIFE.

LONDON,

Printed by *J. Redmayne.* 1680.

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REFLECTIONS

On a Late

LIBEL &c.

SIR,

YEsterday came to my hand the said *Libel* (so I call it, because) it is throughout false and slanderous, and without a Name, no, not so much as of the Bookseller or Printer, that durst Print or vend such a venemous Pamphlet.

Besides this, I have seen many a private Letter written to him, but without any Name subscribed, since the publishing of --- *Curse ye* Meroz. --- One threatens he shall be stab'd; another says, he wonders the Bishops do not pull his Gown off his Back, he is such a *Common-swearer*, *Common-drunkard*, *Common-Barrater*, and *Common Debauchee*; another threatens, that the Sermon shall be answered very speedily in Print; and then he shall see, how publickly they would make a very Rogue of him, and prove he was a Rebel against K. *Charles* I. But that the mischief on't is, K. *Charles* was Beheaded before Mr. *Hickeringill* was 16 years old. And to compleat his misery, yesterday he received a Letter, that begun (with a witty *Anagram* upon his name) thus, Mr. *Hickeringill*, *Anagr.* Mr. *Hectoring Devil.* So mad they are, you see, that they throw their very Brains as well Gall at him. All which I was unwilling to conceal from you that loves him so dearly, and to beg of you, that as you love your self, your Life, your Wife and Children (or which is dearest to you) your Reputation, take warning by Mr. *Hickeringill*'s Fate, and never dare to Print or Preach against Fanaticks; for they are old Dog at Lying and Slandering, Murthering, and wounding Reputation.

Indeed, *Solomon* says, *Answer not a Fool according to his Folly, lest thou also be like unto him*; that is, lest thou be accounted, by taking notice of his Folly, as foolish and impertinent as he.

And yet in the very next verſe, *Prov.* 26. 5. as if upon ſecond thoughts, he had chang'd his Opinion, he gives quite contrary Advice, ſaying, *Anſwer a Fooll according to his Folly, leſt he be wiſe in his own Eyes*; leſt he plume himſelf (like this Obſervator) Crow and Strut, as if he was unanſwerable and uncontroulable, in reviling a Sermon that has carefully aſſerted his Majeſties Prerogative, and the Parliament and Peoples Properties and Immunities.

'Tis true, Holy *David* knew not any Remedy for a ſlanderous and venemous Tongue; *What ſhall be given thee, and what ſhall be done unto thee? Oh, thou falſe Tongue!* There is no ſuch Antidote againſt the Poyſon of Aſps and Vipers, as their own Fleſh, they carry about them their *Alexipharmacon*; and all the Remedy that I ſhall make uſe of at preſent againſt this *viperous* Libeller, (*the poyſon of Aſps being under his Lips*) is only taken out of the Body of the Libel it ſelf, and ſhew the Falſhood of thoſe Scandals, by their own Incongruity and Incouſiſtency.

For the *Obſervator* (ſo I'le call him, as he calls himſelf) ſhooting in the dark at Mens Reputations, and wounding them without Fear, (as well as without Controul) inſtead of making Obſervations upon the ſaid *Sermon*, ſays not one word that is ſignificant in *Anſwer*, or to *confute the ſame*; but according to the *wonted* Attacques of ſuch Adverſaries, *falls foul* upon the Perſon, and ſhaking hands with the Argument, lets drive at Mr. *Hickeringill*, when he has firſt aſpers'd him with his ſmutty Ink.

And becauſe he knew Mr. *Hickeringill's* Converſation to be ſo innocent and unblamealble, that nothing but Malice and Falſhood conjoyn'd, can vilifie him, therefore he dare not ſay, but yet makes a wild and impertinent Suppoſal, *p.* 7. of a *Graceleſs Villain*, inſinuating ſlily, that Mr. *Hickeringill* was that ſame Graceleſs Villain; but leſt he ſhould be taken by the Beard for it, with ------- *What do you mean, Sir?* He preſently cries *peccavi*, and Oh Lord, Sir! I beg your Pardon, *&c.* For when he has made his Suppoſal of that ſame Graceleſs Villain, *&c.* immediately he ſubjoyns ------- "*But what is all this to our Sermon? Nothing*

at

" at all I hope ; but why may not a man be impertinent now and " then ?

So that I ſay, all the Venome of the ſaid Libel may be heal'd by its own ſelf, its own *confeſſed Impertinence* and Incongruity.

But leſt the *Obſervator* ſhould be wiſe in his own Conceit, and puffed up, as thinking and hoping that Mr. *Hickeringill* and his Friends will ſcorn to anſwer ſuch a *Trifler*, (for he that throws a Stone at every bawling Cur, ſhall have work enough) and alſo becauſe the Author of the ſaid Sermon (Mr. *Hickeringill*) is ſo unblameable in his Life and Converſation, that this Libeller is the firſt that ever durſt Print (whether they might mutter behind his Back) any thing againſt the Uprightneſs and Integrity of his Life. Therefore I (that have (as well as you) been intimately acquainted with him above thirty years) thought it my Duty as well as Honour, thus to make his Apology.

Some Paſſages of the ſaid Sermon, the *Obſervator* does indeed Re-print, but confutes not one word thereof, except by telling an apparent Falſhood *pag.* 5. concerning *Deborah*, who (he ſayes) was no Sovereign over *Iſrael*, but a Propheteſs, *&c.* as if he ſhould ſay) and he might with equal Truth ſay it) *David* was no Sovereign over *Iſrael*, but a Prophet ; and *Solomon* was no Sovereign over *Iſrael*, but a Preacher. The man flings, and kicks, and rails as if he was gaul'd and wounded, and by that therefore he muſt be either a *Papiſt* or a *Fanatick*, for no other are agriev'd at that innocent Sermon, and plain and honeſt Interpretation of the Text ; or elſe the *Obſervator* is ſome envious and malicious Scribler, whoſe Spleen as well as Gall overflows.

And I am apt to think he is one of this laſt Character, by the Care he takes to blaſt the Reputation of the Author, as appears by ſuch Expreſſions as theſe : (*p.* 5.) This Gentleman

man would engroſs the Glory (and to the Prejudice of all his Brethren too;) and *p.* 4. There are many honeſt Divines (without neceſſity of including this Gentleman) who are as active Preachers up of Loyalty.

So that the fear leſt Mr. *Hickeringill* ſhould get a Monopoly to be the Loyal Preacher, and the Sermon on ----- *Curſe ye* Meroz---- a None-ſuch, and ſo engroſs all the Glory (and to the prejudice of all his Brethren too) whilſt they (good men, if they could tell how) are as active Preachers up of Loyalty. This, this made the Obſervator in haſte call for Pen and Ink, and reſolve before People have given in their Verdicts, and before the Term be done, to make Obſervations enough upon it, to brand it, as guilty, guilty of engroſſing the Glory (and to the prejudice of his Brethren too) who are as active Preachers up of Loyalty, and therefore reſolv'd to write ſomething if he could, true or falſe to leſſen the Reputation of the Sermon, and its Author.

If I be not much miſtaken in this ſame Obſervator, this ſame---As active a Preacher of Loyalty, was in *Oliver*'s Time, as active a Preacher up of *Oliver*, and during all the ſeveral Viciſſitudes and Changes of Government, kept his Fellowſhip, and in the *Rump's* time was a *Rumper*; in *Oliver*'s time for *Oliver*; in Queen *Dick*'s time for *Richard*; and in the Committee of *Slavery*'s time for them; and in the happy Reſtauration and Reign of his Majeſty, he takes it in Dudgeon, that any man ſhould engroſs the Glory of a more Loyal Preacher, than this ſame *Will.* for the King.

He makes me think of the Story Dr. *Fuller* tells of the Vicar of *Bray*, that in *Henry* the Eighth's days was a Papiſt, in *Edward* the Sixth's Reign a Proteſtant, in Queen *Mary*'s time a Papiſt, and in Queen *Elizabeth's* time a Proteſtant again; of all which, when his Pariſhioners complain'd to him, for making them (and that from the ſame Pulpit and the ſame Throat) with ſeveral Notes and Tones dance *in*

and

and out in the Church, as if they were (in Religion too) dancing the *Hay*; he anſwered. good people, whatever were the *Premiſes*, I always did, and will hold me to this Concluſion, To live and die Vicar of *Bray*.

Such another *Mercury* is (and has been) our Obſervator; with the Fanaticks he'l ſnivle and groan, with the Church of *England* he is as 'Piſcopal and as active a Preacher up of Loyalty as the beſt of them, and rather than not be the Fore-horſe, he will with envy burſt his Girdle, tho' he thereby make himſelf the Fore-aſs.

Yes, yes, 'tis he indeed ------ now I look better at him, 'tis he, that ſome Vicar of *Bray*, (but I ſpare his name, tho' perhaps I'll pull him out of his lurking-hole e're it be long) I know him by the ſame old, inſipid, phlegmatick ſtyle, the ſame old Suppoſals, Dilemma's, and Venturing-pins, 'tis ſome ſneaking, peeviſh, envious and ſpightful Black-coat, (and where ſhall a man find leſs good Nature, more envying, ſlandering or undermining of one another, greater Make-bates then are ſome of them, or ----- as the Sermon has it, tell me of any Miſchief Tumults or Rebellion, that ſome of theſe ſame Black-coats have not had a great hand in,) ſuch as think they can never look fair, except they make a Black-patch of others, eſpecially of their next Neighbours, or ſuch as are near them; and though ſuch ſneaking Raſcals never meddle but to their own ſhame, yet their envy prompts them on to lying and ſlandering, tho' in Concluſion they always meddle to their hurt.

And as they are the worſt natur'd men, ſo certainly the moſt dangerous to the Peace and Quiet of Mankind, they are always finding fault with others, deſpiſing others, railing at others, undermining other mens good name, leſt they ſhould ſhine to eclipſe and benight their twinckling Puny-ſhips, conſcious of their own Baſeneſs and Demerit; like the poor Levellers, they would pull down their betters, and render them (if they could by any baſe ways,

falſe

falſe News and lying Pamphlets) as low, that is, as baſe as themſelves.

But all their Attacques are ſneaking and cowardly, clandeſtine and in the dark, ſtill robbing men of their good Names with a Vizard on, for fear of due Chaſtiſement and Diſcovery, for fear (not of being bely'd and ſlander'd, the only weapons with which all the Antagoniſts can aſſault Mr. *Hickeringill*) but for fear of being expos'd in his own Colours, and then he would look as black as *Vulcan* himſelf, (or which I dare ſay he is) the Son of a Blackſmith, That ſneak't into the Univerſity by lacqueying it to a Gentleman, that got a Degree and a Fellowſhip by his Dexterity in making (clean) his Tutors Shooes, and Coalfires, that always thrive by Flattery only, baſe complyance, and ſupplanting other men; and therefore ſince he is ſuch a *Littany*-man, I'll joyn in Prayer with him with ſome Addition, and conclude him, as he does his lying Pamphlet, with the ſame or the like *Petitions*----- *From the Kilne that calls the Mill Burnt-Arſe: From all drunken, debauch't, and envious Black-Coats: From undermining and ſupplanting Raſcals, and Graceleſs Villains: From Lyers and Slanderers, and the Vicar of* Bray*: From Pulpit-Fools, as well as Pulpit-Enthuſiaſts——deliver us——and let all good Engliſh-men ſay*, Amen.

His words *p.* 5. are ---- "For ſuppoſe one that from other "places is throughly ſatisfied, that Subjects are bound to "be obedient to, and aid their Princes againſt all Rebelli-"ons, ſhould yet be ſo dull, as not ſo clearly to apprehend "it, informed by this particnlar Text, becauſe *Deborah* "was no Sovereign over *Iſrael*, but a Propheteſs, and acting "by an extraordinary Call againſt Invaders of her Countrey, *Chap.* 4. 4. (*Note by the way, if it were her Countrey, then ſhe was Sovereign, and Chief Magiſtrate of the ſame.*) 'And ſo 'the Notes of our Engliſh Bible, (but *E. H.* has declared himſelf

'himſelf no Friend to our *Engliſh* Bibles) expound 'thoſe words, *She judged Iſrael*, that is, ſays the Mar-'gin,—*by the Spirit of Prophecy*, reſolving of Contro-'verſies, and declaring the Will of God. And indeed, 'had ſhe been their Princeſs, *Barak* had talked very 'ſawcily, when he ſays, *verſe* 8. *If thou wilt go with me, 'I will go; but if thou wilt not go, I will not go.* Now 'if the caſe were ſo extraordinary, the Conſequences 'he draws (though in themſelves Poſitions true and 'warranted by other places of Holy-Writ) may yet not 'ſeem to ariſe from hence, ſo neceſſarily as to qualifie 'it with the ranting Title of *the moſt Loyal Text* in all 'the Bible.

'*She judged Iſrael*,—that is, ſaith the Margin, *by the Spirit of Prophecy.*

I know not what *Engliſh* or *Geneva* Bible the *Obſervator* has got for his turn, but (except himſelf) no man, I dare ſay, did ever ſee ſuch a Margin in the Bible, whether *Engliſh* or *Latine*, *Greek* or *Hebrew.*

There is no Marginal Notes to *Judg.* 4. 4. but the Words are theſe, *And Deborah a Propheteſs, the Wife of Lapidoth, ſhe judged Iſrael at that time.*

Oh! but *ſhe had an extraordinary Call thereunto.*

Not ſo extraordinary (it ſeems) but *Barak* durſt talk ſawcily, or rather familiarly to her; But worſe men than *Barak* did, not only talk ſawcily, but act ſcurvily and diſloyally, as curſed *Meroz*, in the ſaid T-x; yet not ſo ſawcily and ſcurvily, as Rebels in our times have both talk't and acted againſt their Sovereigns

Nor more extraordinary was her Call to the Sovereignty, than was all other the Judges in thoſe days; *Moſes*, and *Joſhuah*, and *Gideon*, *Jephthah* and *Samſon*, *Samuel*, *Saul*, and *David*; for none of them had it by Succeſſion, but by ſpecial Appointment.

Now, except the *Obſervator* means, that no Subjects are bound to aid their Sovereigns, except their Sovereigns have an extraordinary Call; (no which extraordinary Call of *Deborah* does appear in the Text) and which ſeems to be the conſequence of his Obſervation, I cannot *Divine* what he would be at, but ſure he might as pertinently turn *Augur*, and *obſerve* the flying of Birds, as *obſerve* at this extravagant rate.

Beſides, to abuſe the Reader with an untruth, (in alledging *Marginal Notes* that were never heard of,) is not the firſt he has told, as I will ſhew by and by.

But the firſt Cavil he makes, is againſt the Author's Veracity and Memory, becauſe he ſays ---- That this *Text was never before inſiſted on by him at any time*: 'yet notwithſtanding he finds a Sermon made of it 'by the ſame Author in *Gregory Father Gray-beard*, 'three or four Octavo pages long: which is an inſtance that the man was reſolv'd to find fault right or wrong; or otherwiſe he had not at the beginning tyr'd upon ſo impertinent a Quarry, that he can get ſo little by, except ſhame and contempt by all ingenuous men, Does the *Obſervator* think *indeed and indeed* that that was a Sermon? And ever Preach't in any Pulpit by Mr. *Hickeringill*? which he confeſſes was only a little Ryme Burleſque? But ſuch a Trifler is not worth the anſwering, no more than his *Cavil* againſt thoſe ſix Verſes in *Greg.* which a far better, but as immodeſt a Pen as his, anſwered only, as he does, by giving it as he does (an ill Name) Ryme Doggerel: namely,

By the Liturgy learn to pray,
So pray, and praiſe God every Day.

Th'

Th' Apoſtles Creed believe alſo,
Do as you would be done unto.
Sacraments take as well as you can,
This is the whole Duty of man.

He is a Stranger in *England* that does not know that *Papiſts* and *Fanaticks*, *Atheiſts* and *Debauchee*'s are very conſiderable Parties in the Kingdom; now if no man can be any of theſe, if he obſerves *thoſe ſix* verſes, they are certainly the moſt uſeful Rymes doggerel that ever were made. Another Untruth we meet with *p.* 4. where the *Obſervator* alledges out of the ſaid Sermon——— "That the *moſt Loyal Text in all the Bible, is now* (*like* "*a piece of Apocrypha*) *laid aſide, antiquated and out of* "*Date*; which he calls an odd, indeed a ſawcy Reflecti- "on on all the Loyal Clergy in *England.*

This lying Libeller ſays ſo, but there is no ſuch Aſſertion in the whole Sermon: there is indeed a *quare* in the ſaid Sermon in theſe words --- *ſhall this Text now* (*like a piece of Apocrypha*) *be laid aſide, antiquated and out of Date?*

Not aſſerting it is ſo, but querying whether it be not ſo? which, whether it be not a very inoffenſive *Quare*? and whether the ſaid Text be not very ſeldom (if at all) inſiſted upon in theſe times, I leave to you the ingenuous Reader to judge, craving your Pardon that I ſhould vouchſafe to trouble you with pointing at Miſtakes in this ſame thick-skull'd *Obſervator*, that to every vulgar Capacity are ſo obvious, and readily diſcern'd without this *Index*.

But I muſt either mind ſuch Untruths or nothing in the whole Libel; for it is but one continued and ſcurrilous Lye and Slander, a whole Sheet full, from one end to the other.

And therefore I ſhall take notice of no more, but that for which the whole *Pamphlet* ſeems to be writ, and that is to caſt an Aſperſion, very *ſtyly* though, and by way of *Suppoſal*, which yet he recants, and retracts immediatly, his own Conſcience (if he have any) telling him that it is (as he acknowledges) *impertinent*, and no more to the Reverend man (as he ſtyles) the Author in his firſt Line, than to the man in the Moon.

Yet *p.* 4. we are entertain'd, (as indeed all the Entertainments in the whole Pamphlet, and all the Truths therein, are only the Expreſſions he Re-prints out of the ſaid Sermon) as in theſe Words — "But above all that "Paſſage *p.* 26. (*namely of the Sermon*) is remarkable—*A* "*Holder-forth may yawl and yawn, ſnivle and whine, thump* "*and bawl, 'till his Lungs and his Heart ake, and yet neither* "*make open-hearted nor open-handed their cloſe-fiſted Diſci-* "*ples*; *nay, he ſhall turn up the white of his Eye, and play as* "*many Tricks as* Hocus Pocus *at a Fair, and yet not get ſo* "*much Money at Night as a common and prophane* Hocus-- "This well conſider'd as a moſt enlightning Paragraph; "are things thus indeed? Well, ſuppoſe then there were "ever a graceleſs Villain in a Country, that had firſt cou- "ſin'd his Tutor of a Fellowſhip, by gobling up the Co- "venant himſelf, whilſt he perſwaded the old man, there "was Rats-bane in it, that had renounced his Chriſten- "dom and been publickly dipt in hopes to thrive among "the Anabaptiſts, that had liſted himſelf in the Rebells "Army; and both preach't and fought againſt his Sove- "reign, that had afterwards got a Shipboard, and even "there kik't for fear of debauching the *Tarpaulins*; after "all theſe Diſappointments, and trading being ſo horri- "ble dull amongſt the Conventiclers, do you imagine "ſuch a Fool would not think it high time to change "Note & Coat, if it were poſſible to get into ſome fatter "Paſtures

'Paſtures, and rave and rant to the purpoſe, to be ta-
'ken notice of? Yes marry would he, and kiſs the
'Maſs-Book moſt reverently I'le warrant him, if there
'were any thing to be got by it.

'But what is all this to our Sermon? Nothing at all,
'I hope; But why may not a man be impertinent now
'and then?

Pretty heart! take breath after all this impertinence.

But if he means (or elſe he means nothing by this Impertinence) to reflect upon, or calumniate the Author of the Sermon on — *Curſe ye Meroz*; I'le give this plain and true, ſhort and yet full Narrative of Mr. *Hickeringill*'s Life; which had been as needleſs, as fooliſh and impertinent, as his idle Suppoſal, if the Obſervator's Impudence and falſhood had not given this juſt Provocation, and occaſion to this Vindication.

I have known Mr. *Hickeringill* ſince firſt he came to the Univerſity of *Cambridge*, where he was admitted *Penſioner* in St. *John*'s Colledge at fourteen years of Age; he got not, nor poſſibly could get his *Tutor*'s *Fellowſhip*, for he was made Fellow of *Gonvile* and *Cajus* Colledge, when he was eighteen years of Age, and *junior* Batchelor, *Anno Domini* 1650. He never ſwallowed nor gobled up the Covenant in his Life, not but that perhaps he might have had ſtomach enough to it, but it was *off* the Stage before he came *on*; yet both he and the whole Univerſity were (ſufficiently) of Fanatical, Rebellious, Anabaptiſtical and Factious Principles and Practiſes, as all men living are (in their Infancy) of that Religion alone in which they are educated; and he *when he was a child, did as a child*, nay, as wiſer men than he did; and if he had been educated at *Rome* or *Conſtantinople*, in the National Religion *there* profeſs'd,

he

he had alſo certainly been a *Papiſt* or *Mahometan* without a Miracle.

Thus St. *Paul* by Education became a Jewiſh zealot; *Luther*, *Calvin*, *Beza*, and our Fore-fathers, all Papiſts: upon better Information they became Proteſtants, as St. *Paul*, a Chriſtian: The Devil and Devilliſh men rag'd, and call'd them Apoſtates, but the Saints ſaid, *He that perſecuted us in times paſt, now preacheth the Goſpel, and they glorified God in me*, ſaith St. *Paul*; they did not rail, rage, upbraid, and calumniate, as Devilliſh men do: The Strength, the Spirit and Activity (with which God and Nature had bleſt Mr. *Hickeringill*, inclin'd him to a *Military*, rather than a *Colledge*-life; he therefore viſiting the *Engliſh* Army, (and ſome of his neareſt Relations) in *Scotland*, firſt accepted of a *Commiſſion* to be a Lieutenant; but after ſome few years he reſolv'd to ſee the Wars in Foreign Countreys, none whereof was then ſo famous, as the Wars of *Carolus Guſtavus*, King of *Swede*, whoſe Fame perſwaded him to accept a Captains Commiſſion in Major-General *Fleetwood*'s Regiment, then *Swediſh* Ambaſſador in *England*: carrying ſix ſcore brave Engliſh-men to the *Swede*'s Service; where he continued till the Peace concluded between the *Swede* and *Dane*, when he return'd to his Native Country in *York-ſhire*, where he rais'd his Company, and ſoon after was Captain of a Troop of Volunteer-Horſe that riſe under the Lord *Fairfax* and Duke of *Buckingham*, declaring for a *Free-Parliament*, the happy Prologue to His Majeſties Reſtauration. After that, he had the Command of a *Man of War* under the King of *Portugal*, as he formerly had been Commander of the *North-Star*, a *Man of War*, under the *Swedes* King; afterwards, his deſire of Travel, and ſeeing Foreign Countries, made him viſit the *Indies*, *Surinam*, *Barbadoes*,

St.

St. *Chriſtophers*, *Jamaica*, &c. from which laſt-mentioned Iſland, he brought the Governor *Doyly*'s Letters to His Majeſty and Duke of *Albemarle*, with a *Map* of the Country, and *Deſcription* of that Iſland, which he Printed and dedicated to His Majeſty. And having rambled enough, (by the Biſhop of *Lincolne*, Dr. *Saunderſon*) he was both perſwaded to be (and made) a Prieſt, and his firſt Preferment Eighteen years ago (was what he now enjoys) the Rectory of *All Saints* in *Colcheſter*; a place that perhaps has more than any other exerciſed his Patience, and other Virtues; they that know Fanaticks, *they that know the men and their Communication*, muſt believe that a man of his Integrity, Loyalty, and plain dealing muſt meet with Calumnies and Oppoſition enough; he was indicted for a *Common-ſwearer*, and perhaps may be indicted for a Common-Barretor, and what not? But for a *Common-ſwearer* he ſtands now *convict* in the High-Court of *Chancery*, and *that never a word comes out of his Mouth, but an Oath comes out*, atteſted and ſworn by three *Colcheſter* men; and yet it is as certain and commonly known for an undoubted Truth, that he never ſwore a raſh Oath in all his Life time, or ever took the Sacred name of God in vain, which ſcarce one man in *Colcheſter* can ſay, except himſelf, and yet he is the *only man* that ſtands *convicted* as aforeſaid for a *Common-ſwearer*; but 'tis his Portion, Innocence, *the moſt ſacred Innocence* and Integrity is no Fence or Skreen againſt Malice. But that he ſhould by *Flattery* or baſer means hunt after Preferment, is ſo ſenceleſs a Calumny againſt the Plainneſs and Auſterity of his Converſation, (even unto Moroſity,) (as ſome conſtrue it) is a Suppoſal ſo ridiculouſly ſuggeſted, that none can believe it that knows him; and that *large and plentiful* Temporal Eſtate of *Inheritance*, that God has

bleſt

bleſt him with above all or any of his Neighbor-Miniſters: and how ſmilingly, careleſs, and unconcern'd he is at the fooliſh and malicious Attempts of his Adverſaries, which hitherto has always ended in their own Shame and Confuſion. And why may not a man that was a Soldier in his juvenile years, accept of an Eccleſiaſtical Office, and be a Clergyman in his graver Hours, and when he has ſown his wild Oats, rather than bring them up into the Pulpit with him?

St. *Ambroſe* was firſt Governor, then Biſhop of the ſame City; St. *Peter* was a Fiſherman and then a *Divine*, and after that followed the old Fiſhing trade ſtill. St. *Paul* was a Weaver and a Taylor, (for a Tent-maker implyed both theſe Trades) and then a Divine; and whilſt he was ſo, he ſometimes fell to his Needle and Shuttle again.

Here's a Doe with what men have been; certainly, if every mans Faults were expoſed and writ in their Foreheads, few men would look with any better Complection than this ſo ſlander'd Author. And certainly, if Mr. *Hickeringill* had ſtill been a Fanatick, he had been cry'd up as much for a *precious godly Man*, as any *Spiritual Pick-pocket* amongſt the Crew; and as much as the *Noyſe-Makers* now cry him down for a Villain.

Methinks I ſee how zealouſly and devoutly thoſe holy Juglers rate and ſet on their ſilly Votaries to bawl and bark againſt the Author of that Sermon, that diſcovers and bewrays *the Craft by which they get their Wealth*, when they ſee that almoſt the *Hopes of their Gain is gone*. And if his Sermon and Comment on that *darling* Text of *Curſe ye* Meroz--which has done ſuch Feats, had been *Stylo vetere*, interpreted againſt all *Senſe*, *Reaſon*, *Religion*, or the *Context*, not a Conventicle in the Nation, but by this time had made Boonfires for Joy of that, which

which (as now it is) they would gladly make a Bonfire on, and another of him, if they had their Wills. But let them proceed as far and as fast as their *old Father* drives them, *He that ſitteth in the Heavens ſhall laugh them to ſcorn, the Lord ſhall have them in deriſion.*

Nor could they readily have had a man to be the object of Fanatick-wrath, who is more cheerfully Armour of Proof (by long and large Experience) againſt it, than he: for the more they have rag'd and ray'ld, ſlander'd and calumniated, fretted and fum'd, Almighty God has bleſt him the more with Mercies both of the right hand and the left, having given him ſo many comfortable and promiſing Heirs for his Eſtate, and ſo comfortable and plentiful an Eſtate for his Heirs; whilſt his Adverſaries grin and rail, ſnarl and ſhew their Teeth, and pine away.

In a little time it will be no *Apocrypha*, that *Truth is ſtrongeſt*, and no *weapon formed againſt it ſhall proſper.*

Indeed the ſilly *Obſervator* nibbles, *p.* 6. at that Paſſage in the Sermon, *p.* 17. (namely) *That all mens Faith muſt bottom upon ſome Humane Authority or other.*

The Sermon does not aſſert, that the *Top* and *Bottom* of all mens Faith is Humane Authority; for the *Top* of a mans Faith is the *Grace of God.* So *p.* 19. of —— *Curſe ye Meroz*—you find theſe words—*Through the Grace of God enabling us to believe, what ſuch good men and true did depoſe upon their own knowledge; Faith is the Life of a Chriſtian,* &c. And *p.* 17. *All true Faith is the Gift of God as all other Gifts and Graces are, for without Gods ſpecial Grace no man can believe the trueſt Humane Authority or Church upon Earth to be true.*

Now where was the *Obſervator*'s Eyes that he could not ſee thoſe Paſſages of the Sermon, and where was his honeſty to expoſe ſome bit of the Sermon, without what

went before and after; and then too not to have one word to say by way of Answer, but only holding up his hands, and falling to his Prayers, and *wishes that the Parliament might sit as soon as may be, to authorize the Bible by an Act, and furnish People with Bottoms of Faith.*

If the Observator was not very illiterate in the Laws of the Land, he might find Acts of Parliament enow, (before he was born, and almost as old as *Paul's*, for *England* was the first Christian Kingdom) to make the Bible *Canonical*, and to furnish People with *Bottoms of Faith.*

For though the Holy Bible was and is the Word of God, though never a King or Parliament had told us so, yet it does not become *Canonical*, (that is, a *Canon*, or Law to Subjects) till it be commanded by Lawful Authority; and therefore our Holy Bible is not only the Word of God, and so Sacred, but also the Law of the Land, and so Canonical; and all the Laws of the Land, lawfully made, and by lawful Authority, are also the Laws of God, to which we ought to submit, *not only for wrath, but also for conscience-sake.*

And then where would there be place for Mutinies and Rebellions, for the Spirit of Popery or Spirit of Foppery? This makes that Devil rage at Mr. *Hickeringill*, having *great wrath*, because *his time is short*: but to attacque or answer him or his Sermon only with Calumnies, Lies, and Slanders. Is this *Scholar-like*, *Man-like*, or *Christian-like?*

Truth is Truth, whoever proclaims it, and 'tis a base Requital of Ingenuous men, only to load them with false Invectives, and Hatred instead of good Will; such Returns will make men of more than Vulgar Learning and Attainments, say, with the Popish Cardinal, —*Si Populus vult decipi, decipiatur*: If the Pople have

a mind to be blockish, so let them continue, for all me.

Yet the *Observator* seems to be in great trouble of mind that the Sermon should *p.* 38. call the *English* (*the most Generous and ingenuous Nation* (ah, Sycophant!) *in the world*) *the blockish* English.

Was it not *greatly done* of our *little Observer*, to reflect so severely upon that innocent Passage in the Sermon — *The most loyal Text in all the Bible.* Whereupon he very gravely observes, p. 4. in these words — *Comparisons are generally odious, especially when between things incomparable.*

Why? Are they so indeed, Beloved? Some of the *blockish English* (that are not so concern'd to lessen the Reputation of the Author or his Sermon,) would have past by so innocent a Passage, and never have *knit their brows at it*, nor yet have mark'd it with so sharp-pointed an *Asterism.*

Whilst you live, *look to your hits*, and place your words in order, when you come *within ken* of a little *Observer.*

Such a Fool was I, that I had thought a man might be very innocent, though he had said (by way of comparison) more Spiritual knowledg and comfort is to be had from the New Testament than the Old, and from some Texts and Verses therein than from other, and from the latter end of the first Chapter of St. *Matthew*, than from the middle or beginning, and yet the Holy Bible is Incomparable (that is) above all other Books, but not when compar'd within its self. I never, till now, knew where or how much St. *Paul* was a Sinner, and to be blam'd (by the *Observator*) for saying — (I thought harmlesly) 1 *Cor.* 15. 10. *I labor'd more abundantly than they all:* namely, *All* the Apostles.

Happy St. *Paul*, that never met with ſuch an *Obſervator* amongſt all the *Corinthians!* that had a Deſign to leſſen the Reputation of him and his Writings; if he had, how might they have deſcanted upon him, in the words of our Obſervator--*Compariſons* (Paul) *are generally odious, ſpecially when between things incomparable.*

Surely the *Corinthians* were very *blockiſh Corinthians*, that could not ſpy faults, at leaſt, not ſo ill natur'd and malicious as our *Obſervator*, and willing to ſpy faults, and expoſe them, to leſſen mens Reputation: or elſe our *Obſervator* is as *blockiſh* as *envious*, to make ſuch ſevere Obſervations upon ſo innocent an Expreſſion; and more blockiſh to imagine, that any of the *Generous and ingenuous Engliſh* can be ſuch *blockiſh Engliſh* as not to ſee that, whilſt the Obſervator is ſo trivially and keenly buſie to leſſen the Reputation of Mr. *Hickeringill*. He has only thereby leſſen'd his own (if ever he had any) amongſt the *generous and ingenuous* Engliſh, at leaſt.

This Trifler is, (I ſay) like *Mercury* in the Planets, good with the good, and bad with the bad; ſometimes he cokes's the Clergy, ſometimes the Fanaticks, as *p.* 7. becauſe Mr. *Hickeringill* ſays, p. 23. *If there was not a Papiſt in* England, *yet they would fright the People with fears of* Popery.——

Now, for my part, ſuch a plain blockiſh *Engliſhman* was I, that I could not ſpy where the Miſchief, or the Popery lay in that harmleſs and true Expreſſion. — But comes me our *Obſervator*, and very gravely and formally, (as he never opens, but he makes up his Mouth in *Mood* and *Figure*) nay, you 'ſcape well, if he does not gore you with one or other of his *dilemma*'s, a keen tool, with wch (juſt ſuch another, *W.S.* gall'd him that writ concerning the *Contempt of the Clergy*) ſagely obſerving, That— *This Aphoriſm is but borrowed from another Brother of the Quill.*

Now,

Now if the *Obſervator* had not a miſchievous Deſign to ſpoil Mr. *Hickeringill*'s Credit for ever borrowing any more, he need not have told every Body how much he was indebted and did *borrow* of a Brother of the Quill—

But, (*dear Sir*) why may not one Brother borrow of another, but that the Obſervator muſt be concern'd? I dare ſay, that neither of the ſaid Brothers of the Quill, (nor are there any other Brothers of the Quill in *England*) but would make ſhift with their own Pittance and ſcanty Store, rather than go a borrowing to our *little Obſervator*; and if they ſhould, he would tell all he met, and leſſen their Credit, ſpoil them for ever borrowing any more.

But as honeſt and Loyal Hearts may joyn, ſo good Wits may jump, as well as bad ones; and if ſo, then (though the *Obſervator* would ſeem to tell Tales out of School) 'tis but a Tale, and a Story of his own making, like all the reſt of the *Sham*'s he would gladly put upon the Author of that Sermon, with Deſign to make them both odious; but ſuch a Rayler will but be the black-patch to——*Curſe ye* Meroz. And moſt People think that the Author has hired this *Zany* to ſet him off with greater Luſtre; and provoke him or his Friends to a Vindication of himſelf and his Sermon, both which (but that Compariſons are odious, except when a mans Credit and Reputation lyes at ſtake) may poſſibly appear in good time, as innocent, polite, unblemiſht and unreproveable, as any other of his Coat; let Lyers and Slanderers vent their utmoſt Gall and Bitterneſs; our bleſſed *Saviour*, the holy *Apoſtles*, pious *King Charles*, the greateſt Innocence cannot eſcape them.

Nor can the worſt of the Authors Adverſaries be able to prove in any the worſt Inſtances of his whole life, that any Infirmity, Sin or Temptation has befallen him; but

but such as is *common to all men*, to all men, to the best of men, and common to the times wherein he was educated: which if so, the *graceless Villain* has as good Company as any in *England*, which is more than modestly should ever have been said, except on this Occasion, when vile men (not for the Evil he has done, nor because he was bred up a Fanatick and in fanatical times, but because he and the times are not still so, and therefore) would render him odious and contemptible above others, because above others he does so sharply take away their Weapons, (in such a beloved Text,) that has done great Service, and more than ever it will do again; thanks to the Book called *Fides Divina*, (says the Observator) but let who will go away with the Thanks, I dare say, Mr. *Hickeringill* has as much Thanks for his great Pains, as he cares for, or needs, or did, or could expect from the *Blockish English*.

And now I am quite tired with this *Observator*, and weary with having to do with such an impertinent, (as he justly stiles himself,) happy both you and I if we could say with a safe Conscience, we had done with him; (*this Aphorisme also was borrowed from another Brother of the Quil.*) But his sharpest Thrust is yet behind, and if that can be put by, I hope he is foyl'd.

Observe his Observation *p.* 7. — "A Frighr is a scurvy thing, and therefore there are some that would have the most frightful and notorious Popish Treasons hush't up, and go Scotfree, rather than fright People with Fears of Popery.

What cannot a *Schollard* do and an *Observator*? He shall make you white, black; and black, white; 'tis such a *Proteus* and a *Changeling*, and would have all others so.

In this same 7. page, he makes the Author *kiss the Mass-book*, and then (by Consequence he is) a *graceless Villain*

Villain, but here he hooks and draws him to be guilty of the Plot, *the Popiſh Plot*, at leaſt Miſpriſion of Treaſon, a Concealer, and one that deſigns *to have the moſt frightful and notorious Treaſons huſh't up and go Scot-free.*

This is a deadly Thruſt; well, I ſee there's no eſcaping him, the man has diſcover'd *Gall* in his Ink already againſt the *Author*, but here he mingles it with *Blood*; open him, and I'll lay an even Wager, there's Blood in the very Heart of him, but 'tis inſipid, and without Salt.

I think he has fairly obſerv'd and obſerv'd, till at laſt he has obſerv'd (inſtead of the old *Presbyterian* Plot) a plain *Popiſh* Plot in—*Curſe ye* Meroz.

And I ſuppoſe in his next Obſervations (for tell him I expect them, but I fear his Taplaſh wants tilting, and is drawn dry) the next News (I ſuppoſe) he chearfully intends to tell you, and alſo obſerve when and where this graceleſs Villain was hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd and that *Jezabel*-like, when *Naboth* is dead, he is (what he gapes for) his *Succeſſor in the Vineyard.*

Well then, ſo let it go, dye men muſt, and as good at firſt as at laſt, rather than an *Obſervator* of ſo much Merit ſhould be diſappointed. There's Difficulty in making eſcape, the Judges (nay better men than Judges) cannot eſcape the Laſh of ſuch *Jehu's*, if they do not drive as furiouſly, (as theſe men) *like mad*; "*They alſo* "*would have the moſt frightful and notorious Popiſh Trea-*"*ſons huſh't up, and go Scot-free*; They, even *Privy-Counſellors*, ſome have ſworn it.

Ay, but the ſaid Sermon was indeed to ſome purpoſe briſk againſt the Spirit of *Popery*, but was not this all Umbrage and Color, and though not diſcernable by the *Blockiſh Engliſh*, yet comes me the *Eagle-ey'd Obſervator*, and anatomizing it without Fear or Wit, moſt cruelly rips it up, and taking out his *Jack in a Box* pores into't

into't with his two Eyes, and ſpyes Treaſon, a Popiſh Plot, at leaſt a Deſign of huſhing it up, and that's Miſpriſion of Treaſon.

Some there are too that have declared that *Oliver Cromwell* and his Army that invaded *Scotland Anno* 1650 were bejeſuited and influenc't by the *Pope and Papiſts* to that March and War. Mr. *Love* that zealous Presbyterian and Mr. *Gibbons* (that were beheaded on *Tower-Hill* for proſecuting the ends of the *Solemn League and Covenant*, by the *Rump*-Parliament, who all of them had taken that ſolemn Oath and Covenant) tells us thus much in their dying Words. See Mr. *Love*'s clear and neceſſary Vindication written by himſelf, *p.* 33. His Words are —— 'But *Cromwel* (through the Counſel of the 'Pope, King of *Spain* and the *Jeſuits*) had rather fight 'with the Proteſtant-covenanting Party, than with the 'Rebels of *Ireland*. By this means moſt grievous and 'burthenſome Taxes are continued and increaſed. I 'ſhall mention one thing which to the vulgar may ſeem 'incredible, *viz.* That the *Junto* (meaning the *Rump*) 'at *Weſtminſter* have (by the Exciſe, Cuſtoms, Sequeſtrations and Taxes) received more Money in one year 'than all the Kings of *England*, put them all together 'ſince the Conqueſt, did raiſe upon their Subjects for 'ſuch a ſpace of time, yet the Kings called Oppreſſors, 'and theſe called Saints, *&c.* And ſo on at a great Rate, 'making them all Sons of the Whore of *Babylon*.

And in Mr. *Gibbon*'s Speech upon the Scaffold I find theſe Words Printed with the ſaid clear Vindication. --- 'But yet a more joyful ſight do the Eyes of Antichriſt 'behold, ſuch an one (I dare ſay) as he never ſaw in '*England* before, that is, a moſt faithful Miniſter and 'bleſſed Servant of God (meaning the ſaid Mr. *Love*) 'put to Death by Proteſtants, and ſuch as call themſelves the

'the moſt Pious, Religious People upon Earth. Next
'to him, I am brought upon the Stage to encounter with
'Death, and fight the bloody Battel; the Lord knows
'how many may follow. I pray, that I may be the laſt.
'But is not *Joab*'s hand in this? Are not the hands of
'*Papiſts and Jeſuits* in all this? I need bring no Argu-
'ments to perſwade you to believe it; I think, very few
'but are convinced, that they both ſit *at the Stern*, and
'are the *chiefeſt Actors*, &c.

So that in all our Age, all Rebels and Deſigners of Innovation, have made *Popery*, *Jeſuitiſm*, *Popiſh-Plot*, and *Popiſhly affected*, to be the *Common Bear-skin* to clap upon any man or Party they had a mind to worry.

Thus all the Cavaliers and the *Royal Party* were made to be all *Papiſts*, or, (which will equally do the Feat) *Popiſhly affected*; and when they had thus arrayed them in every Church and Market, they clapt their hands, and cryed Hallou, ſetting the People on them; and this did their Buſineſs, and made the *Presbyterians* Rampant, till the *Independents* with the ſame Stratagem pull'd them down, making the People believe, that between the Equivocating, Covenanting, Make-bate, Rebellious Presbyterian, and the Equivocating, Covenanting, Make-bate, Rebellious Jeſuit, there went but a Pair of Sheers; whilſt the Presbyterians *eccho'd* the ſame ſcolding *Cramp-word* into their Teeth again, ſaying, all the *Fry* of Sectaries and Independents were but the *Spawn* of *Popery*, and that they are all Sons of the Whore of *Rome*. And a *notable man* tells us (and I believe he'l take *his Oath upon't too*) that *Lambert* has been a Papiſt, I know not how many years, and that there are Jeſuits and Papiſts in all the Conventicles and Field-meetings in *England* and *Scotland*, that craftily ſtir up the People to Diſcontent, Mutiny and Tumult; Prologueing their *Popiſh-Plot*

with encouraging them to *deſpiſe Dominion, and ſpeak Evil of Dignities:* And whether this *Obſervator* be not alſo ſet on to lye, rail, and find Fault with ſo innocent a Sermon, and it's Author, that only detects ſuch Jeſuitical and Fanatical Plots is a fit *Quere*; and though he dare not ſhew his Head, I doubt not but I ſhall prove e're long, he is *è Societate Jeſu.*

And if ſo, I think he has obſerv'd, and obſerv'd at a fine Rate, till he himſelf is obſerv'd, and Popiſhly-ſuſpected, if not Popiſhly-affected; This 'tis, to bring the old Houſe over his own Head: and who will be the *Graceleſs Villain* then? But ſince we are got into the ſuppoſing Vein, for once I'll ſuppoſe another graceleſs Villain, who hath alſo leſs *Wit* than *Grace*, that was baſely *bred*, and worſe *born*, being the Son of a Black-ſmith, and kept at School by the Alms of the Pariſh, whoſe chiefeſt Qualification for admittance in the *Univerſity* was his Dexterity in wiping his Fellow-Commoners ſhoos, and his beſt Accompliſhment to capacitate him for a Degree, his dexterity in making Coal-fires, that got a Fellowſhip amongſt the Jeſuits, by the Tuneableneſs of his Throat in crying *Adſum*, and the glib Voracity of it, in ſwallowing all the Oaths that came to hand, whoſe Luſt loſt him his Fellowſhip, in exchange for an *over-worn* Widow, and got a Vicaridge by the Symony of Flattery, and by the ſame Methods of back-biting, lying and ſlandering. ſtill keeps himſelf in plight to write Obſervations, to leſſen the Reputation of his Betters, *&c.* Nay, if he be for Suppoſals, I'le fit him in my next, for at preſent I am quite tired with thinking thus long upon this *Thred-bare Levite*, that would *wheedle* himſelf into ſome Reputation, by making himſelf a *Kin* to the Author, as if they were *both of a Tribe* (forſooth,) *The Tribe of Levi*, p. 7.

The

The *Author*, on *all* accounts, but more eſpecially for *his* ſake, diſclaims the Kindred, and the whole *Jewiſh Tribe*: if he were in *Spain*, this his Folly, as well as Ambition, would bring him into the Inquiſition: But in *England* the Clergy are all of them *as much* (and ſome of them *much more*) of the Tribe of *Simeon* rather than *Levi*.

Could any, without *impudent Cavil and Forgery* ſay, as the *Obſervator* does, p. 3. That *All, and every bit of the ſaid Sermon that is worth reading, is Printed before in three or four octavo pages, by* N. Brook, *with very ſmall variation of words, from that preach'd at* Guild-hall?

'Tis very ſtrange then there ſhould be ſuch a pother about the latter, if it only contain three or four octavo pages, and moſt of them too *Ryme Burleſque*? as he calls it.

The Author does not ſay, he *never read* the Verſe before, or never ſpoke a word *of it* before, but never *preach'd* upon it before; for, *inſiſting upon a Text in a Pulpit*, is certainly all one with *preaching* upon it.

No doubt but multitudes have found out the true meaning of that Text before we were born, there's more wonder any man ſhould miſs of the meaning thereof, than not find it. The Author does not in the leaſt recommend himſelf as the *firſt*, or *onely* Finder and Diſcoverer; but humbly ſuppoſes that other men (beſides *Columbus*) may Trade in the *Indies*. How fearful the *Obſervator* is, leſt the *Author* ſhould get any *Reputation* by the ſaid Sermon, how *early and carefully* does he beſtir himſelf to leſſen it?

But if he knew the *Author*'s temper, as well as I know it, he ſhould not need thus to afflict himſelf: The Author never daign'd to ſtoop to ſuch Methods and Arts which ſome men take to be the Common Road to Pre-

ferment, but leaves them to *ſupple pick-thanks*, Diſſemblers, Symoniſts, and Flatterers, whilſt the Author thinks he *ſcapes fair*, if great men do him no *miſchief*, no *wrong*, nor *Injuſtice*; further *Favour* he never did, nor, I dare ſay, ever will crave; but had always rather have gone ten miles another way, than meet any Great man, and Lordly. *Quæ ſupra nos, nihil ad nos.*

Preferment is only for men of more *pliant*, *ſuppliant*, cringing and crouching Arts, and great Aims and Abilities; why ſhould men trouble their Heads with him, that troubles his Head with no man in particular, but only ſtudies the quiet of himſelf and Mankind, if they would take his Advice.

But hereafter, who (that's *wiſe*) will trouble himſelf with the Rabble? Is this the Reception, this the Entertainment and Encouragement? Then, *Si populus vult decipi, decipiatur.* I ſay again, let them run as faſt as they have a mind, to their Ruine, Mutiny, Tumult, and Deſtruction: Let them run and be hang'd, and let the Spiritual *Free-booters* in the mean time *wheedle* the Coxcombs, and *pick their Pockets*, till they leave them as empty as their *pates*. Here's a do with a pack of ſneaking *Vaux*'s, *Obſervators* and *Dark-lanthorn-men*, underminers of mens *Reputations*; nay, 'tis a baſer Employ than *Vaux*'s, in one ſenſe, namely, inſomuch as a man's Reputation is and ought to be dearer to him than his Life: Theſe ſame Slanderers, amongſt the *Lydians* were adjudged *Felons*, and puniſhed with Death, as Murtherers of mens Names and good Fame.

And *juſtly*, for they make thouſands to hate a man mortally, and to Death, whom yet poſſibly they never ſaw, but in the falſe and ugly colours they pourtray him, nor ever knew any harm *in* him, or *by* him, of their own Knowledge.

But

But, you'l ſay, none but Knaves and Fools will judge and condemn when they hear but of one Ear, when they hear the Plaint only, much leſs hate a man they never knew, nor ſaw no hurt in; but only by Fame, which is commonly a Lyar.

I grant it; But, is not the World well ſtock't with *Knaves and Fools*, and *England* with *Blockiſh Engliſh* enow? *Facilè credimus quæ volumus*; if any man, (how worthy, how innocent ſoever,) do but ſpeak againſt or thwart our darling Luſts, or beloved Opinions and darling Sins, we are apt to believe the worſt of ſuch an one that Malice can forge and invent.

Thus it was of old, the old Cry was——*Away with ſuch a Fellow from the Earth, for it is not fit that he ſhould live*; when perhaps the moſt of the People knew not *for what, nor wherefore they were met together.*

Thus the Obſervator rayles and lyes, without the leaſt colour or reſemblance of Truth; for how is it poſſible a man can by any Stratagem get his *Tutor's Fellowſhip*, except he be *Fellow* of the *ſame* Colledge *where* he had a *Tutor?* or how is it probable that the *Tarpaulins* ſhould be ſo *All-Devout* upon the ſudden, that they ſhould kick their Captain from aboard, leſt he ſhould tempt them to Debauchery with a Dram of the Bottle?

For the aforeſaid *Graceleſs Villain* was never at Sea ſince he was a Clergy-man, but once (ſixteen or ſeventeen years ago) when the late Reverend Father in God *Gilbert Lord Arch-biſhop of Canterbury*, with great Importunity, prevail'd with him, and overperſwaded him to accept of the Honourable Employment of Chaplain at Sea to his Highneſs Prince *Rupert*, contrary to the mind and Petitions, and Endeavours of the Pariſhoners of *All-Hallows-Barking, Tower-Hill, London*; where the ſaid *Graceleſs Villain* was *Lecturer*; many Boats-full of the chief

Pa-

Pariſhoners, rowing to *Lambeth* to beg of the Arch-biſhop, that Mr. *Hickeringill* their *Lecturer* might not be taken from them; but not prevailing, they promis'd (and perform'd faithfully) never to chuſe a *Lecturer* till he return'd, but hire one from Sunday to Sunder where they could; and his Return was ſooner than any of them did expect, he *voluntarily* and with *much a Doe*, got Leave to leave that honourable Employ, chiefly, becauſe the *Tarpaulins* were ſo irreclaimably debaucht.

Some People then of the moſt eminent City of *England*, and all the moſt eminent of that famous Pariſh of the City, were many years ago, as well as the ſaid Archbiſhop, *enamour'd* with that ſame *Graceleſs Villain*; and yet knew all the Paſſages of his Life, a thouſand times better than the *lying Obſervator*; I ſcorn to write any thing but what is Truth to a Tittle.

And the Author had (in all Probability) been *Lecturer* there at *this* day, (for he is no *Starter*, nor *Shifter*, nor *Swapper of Livings*) but for *one peeviſh old man*, whoſe name I ſpare at preſent, becauſe he is dead and gone: the Biſhops have hinder'd Mr. *Hickeringill*, but they never further'd him in their Lives, nor ever will, I dare ſay; plain Dealing is a Jewel, but it prefers no man, tho' it beggers many. 'Tis Juſtice (not Favour) that is requir'd for a man in Mr. *Hickeringill*'s Circumſtances, and they wrong him that gives him leſs; and if they do, he knows how to right himſelf upon them.

What? Cannot a man be *naturally of a chearful* ruddy Complexion, but he muſt be forthwith proclaim'd—— *Debaucht?* Cannot a man be *merry* and *wiſe?* Can no man be religious, but he that *interferes* Sighs and Groans with his Words, and *diſfigures his Face* and *Voice* with Snivels and Tones? that he may *appear unto men* to be devout, preciſe, and religious? A Religion unworthy the

the *Author*, and fit only for a *Spleenatick* and Hypocritical *Obſervator*, who would make every man a *Pulpit-Droll*, that puts a *little more Wit* in a Sermon, than he is guilty of, though but juſt as much as ſhould keep up Attention, and keep men from ſleeping.

But, Why ſhould *obſerving Black Coats* endeavour thus to leſſen any mans Reputation, eſpecially of their Brethren, when there are enow to pick Holes in the Coats of all of them, though there be none? Where is the Wiſdom, the Prudence, the Religion of it the while? I ſee *a mans chief Enemies* (as our *Saviour* ſays) *ſhall be them of his own Houſhold*, of his own Coat, of his own Neighbourhood.

But let the *Obſervator* proceed, (I cannot bid him—*God-ſpeed* in ſuch an unchriſtian, unmanly, unſcholar-like, uncharitable, lying and ſlandering Attempt, but) let him go on, and if in Concluſion he comes off boaſting of his Gettings, he is *the firſt man* that did ſo, that either here or beyond Sea *ever grapell'd* with that ſame *graceleſs Villain* he ſo calumniates, and falſly reviles; creeping *behind the Loyter*, and dare not ſhow his Head, nor juſtifie his Words; whereas my Bookſeller has Order to make known my Name on juſt Occaſion, if the Truth of any Word in this Reply be lawfully queſtion'd, 'tis due Modeſty, not Fear that conceals it now.

And whereas the Obſerver ſays, that the Author was of Anabaptiſtical Principles, I dare ſay, it is true, and the only Truth in all his Obſervations; and every man has Ground enough from the Letter of Scripture, to be either *Pro* or *Con*, ſo that till the Reſtauration of our Laws in his Majeſties happy Reſtauration to his Rights, in the ſole executive Power of the Laws, and the Settlement of the Church by Act of Parliament, any man might be an Anabaptiſt without Sin: For as the *Learned Dr. Saun-*

Saunderſon, de Sabbatho, in his Caſes of Conſcience, well does diſtinguiſh betwixt *Jus Divinum poſitivum,* and *Jus Humanum Eccleſiaſticum:* of the firſt Divine Right, and ſtrict ſenſe, namely, things that are enjoyned by the expreſs Commandment of God in his Holy Word, or may be deduced therefrom by *neceſſary, evident,* and *demonſtrative* illation; there are not many things *de Jure Divino* under the New Teſtament.

But for Divine Eccleſiaſtical Right, it ſufficeth that it may be by Humane Diſcourſe upon Reaſons of Congruity *probably* deduced from the Word of God, as a thing moſt convenient to be obſerved by all ſuch as deſire unfeignedly to order their wayes according to God's Holy Will.

This Diſtinction of *Jus Divinum* is to be obſerved the rather, becauſe it may be of very good Uſe (if rightly underſtood and applied.)

1. For cutting off the moſt material Inſtances, which are uſually brought by the *Romiſh* Party, for the maintenance of their unwritten Traditions.
2. For the clearing of ſome, and the ſilencing of other ſome Controverſies in the Church, which are diſputed *pro* and *con,* with much heat, as, *viz.* concerning,

1. The Government of the Church by Biſhops.
2. The Diſtinction of Biſhops, Prieſts, and Deacons.
3. The Exerciſe of Eccleſiaſtical Cenſures, as Suſpenſion, Excommunication, *&c.*
4. The Building and Conſecrating of Churches for the Service of God.
5. The aſſembling of Synods, upon needful occaſions, for the maintenance of the Truth, and for the ſetling of Church-Affairs.

6. The

6. The forbidding of Marriages to be made within certain degrees of Conſanguinity and Affinity.
7. The *Baptizing of Infants.*
8. The maintenance of the Clergy by the Tythes of the People, and ſundry other things.

None of all which, to my underſtanding (ſaith that *Learned* and *Good* Biſhop of *Lincoln*) ſeem to be *de Jure Divino*, in that firſt and proper ſence, but yet all, or moſt of them to be *de Jure Divino* in this latter and larger ſignification.

So that in the Judgment of this (I would ſay *unparallell'd* Biſhop, but that *Compariſons are generally odious, eſpecially about things and men incomparable*) theſe latter are *Moot-caſes*, and onely in *Abeyance*, and in *nubibus*, till the Law decides them, and *turns the Scales*; till then they are in *equilibrio* and *ſuſpence*; and a man may be a good Chriſtian, and go to Heaven, and believe *either way*, or *neither way*, either *any of them*, or *none of them.*

And this, Mr. *Obſervator*, I dare ſay, the Author will be ready to vindicate againſt you, or any of your *Jewiſh Tribe of Levi. And why beholdeſt thou the Mote that is in thy Brother's Eye, but conſidereſt not the Beam that is in thy own Eye?*

The man from firſt to laſt, it ſeems, ſtares all the Sermon over, to ſpy faults, or any thing that looks but faulty, by his dis-joynting it from the reſt of the Sentence, to leſſen the Reputation (as he us'd to phraſe it) of the Sermon and the Author; and therefore tells the moſt Generous and Ingenuous Nation in the World, that there's a Plot, a Popiſh Plot, or a Plot by one that would (as he phraſes it page 7.) kiſs the Maſs-book, and all againſt their Generoſity and Ingenuity, and make them *Blockiſh Engliſh.*

Sure the Obſervator has got the Sermon printed for his own turn, for that printed for *J. Williams* has not one word in it of a Plot againſt Generous and Ingenuous *Engliſh*; but onely thoſe *Engliſh* that were gull'd, (that ſurely was not all the *Engliſh*) nor any part of the *Engliſh* that were either generous or ingenuous, but onely ſuch blockiſh *Engliſh*, as in ſpight of all Sence, Grammar, and the Context, by wreſting the plain and eaſie ſence thereof, were gull'd to their deſtruction; theſe are the very words of the Sermon.

And is not this *Obſervator* alſo a keen *Sophiſter*, to impoſe upon men that in *ſenſu diviſo*, which is and ought to be taken in *ſenſu compoſito*? to pick out a word and a ſcrap of a Sentence, here and there, and then expoſe it, not in its own colours, but even what he is pleaſed to bedaub it with; and whether this be like a Member of the moſt *Ingenuous and Generous Engliſh Nation*, or more like the *Knaviſh and Blockiſh Engliſh*, judge you.

Has he not cauſe to wiſh in all haſte that the Parliament might ſit, to make *Bottoms* for *Ingenuity*, Truth and Honeſty, as well as *Bottoms* for his *Faith*; for by his Diſcourſe, his Honeſty as well as his Faith is bottomleſs, I having been ſearching for a little of either of them, either Honeſty or Faith, and cannot yet find a Bit; (ſure then it is ſo, his *Honeſty* and *Faith* is *bottomleſs*.

I wiſh he would read St. *Auſtin*, and he'l tell him, his Faith was not bottomleſs, but bottom'd on Humane Authority; nay, ſaith he, I would not believe, nor had not believ'd the Scriptures, but for the Church that handed them to him, of which Church he had a good opinion.

The bottom of a mans Faith muſt be either *private* or *publick*; if private, then his own or other mens private Dreams,

Dreams, Fancies, Madneſs and Enthuſiaſms may as well be obtruded under Pretence of Divine Teſtimony, for ought any man knows to the contrary, excepting only where there is ſupernatural and miraculous Revelation (in the caſe) to convince others, as was in the Apoſtles. Nay, at this day, if there ſhould come an Angel from Heaven, or a Worker of Wonders, endeavouring to ſtagger or alter the Faith held out unto us by the holy Scriptures, infallibly as they are interpreted to us by the Laws of the Land, and by them only, the Lord our God does it to prove us, as *Moſes* ſaid, and we are not to believe him or them, contrary to our ſaid Laws; much leſs ſhould we believe the Comment and Interpretation of every Jugler, that cannot work any one Miracle, and is ſo far from the *Gift of Tongues*, that he has ſcarce *one Tongue* that can ſpeak *Senſe* or good *Engliſh*, though he may, like other *Hocus*'s, ſpeak *hard* Words, and *new* Words, or inſtead of old *Jingo*, *Tanutus*, &c. cries *Incomes*, *Outgoings*, *&c.* which are indeed *Nothingneſſes*.

For all men that believe, either believe with or without Reaſon; either they do know, or they do not know wherefore.

He that believes and knows not wherefore, is an Aſs or a Beaſt, not a man; at leaſt, a very ſilly man with a bottomleſs Faith, like our *Obſervator*, and then at beſt, is but an Enthuſiaſt or Dreamer, a Fanatick or Frantick, *alias* a Madman, and knows not why nor wherefore he thinks ſo and ſo; and no man in *England* can have a certain humane Authority to truſt to, but only our ſacred Laws.

The Church of *England* and People of *England* are (or ſhould be) one and the ſame, of and over which, under God and Chriſt, the *King* (in the *executive* Power) and the *King and Parliament* (in the *Legiſlative*

Power) is the Head; and all Canons and Laws that are not confirmed by Acts of Parliament are not Canons nor Rules to an *Engliſh* Chriſtian, nor bottoms of any godly and wiſe *Engliſh*-mans Faith or Works.

And People for want of being thus truly taught, are led to follow blindly a Stranger, whoſe own the Sheep are not; as the *Engliſh* Papiſts who have nothing to do with the Laws of another Country, another Biſhop or Potentate, nor can never be True and Loyal Subjects whilſt they think themſelves under ſuch an Obligation.

Neither can a Fanatick be a Loyal Subject and a good Chriſtian, if he thinks he may without Sin tranſgreſs and diſobey the Laws of the Land; for paſſive Obedience is no Obedience (that will juſtifie a Man) 'tis but *Gallows-Obedience*, and the *Obedience of Devils*, for they obey Gods Laws *paſſively*.

But to purſue this Diſcourſe will raiſe as much Diſcourſe as did that innocent Sermon, and the unblemiſht Author, I mean, (juſtly and truly unblemiſht) and as for Fools and Knaves, that will hear but of one Ear, and being credulous to believe any Slander of one they hate; though perhaps they hate (but as they believe) not knowing wherefore; for the Judgments or condemning Sentences of ſuch men, the Author is ſo much plac't above them, and as little concern'd, as the Moon is, when the Dogs bark.---- And all the Dirt and Stones which Malice has (now on this Occaſion) caſt upon Mr. *Hickeringill*, will have no worſe Effect than thoſe Stones which the *Jews* and *Mahometans* (as their Cuſtom is to this day) do caſt upon *Abſalom's Pillar*, as they paſs by, namely, to build him a *fairer* (that is) a greater and a more laſting *Monument*.

In

In a little time——*graceleſs Villain*, *ſpightful Raſcal*, *popiſhly affected*, *Maſſe-book-kiſſer*, and *jeſuitical Dog*, &c. (as the Fanaticks are old excellent at calling of Names,) will be accounted but words of Courſe, and only the familiar Reſults of frenzical Wrath, and of a ſilly Obſervator; and will rather heighten than leſſen Reputation amongſt the generous and ingenuous *Engliſh*.

If the Sermon on —*Curſe ye* Meroz—had only ſpoke againſt *Popery*, *Arbitrary Government*, &c. the Fanaticks had made a *precious godly man* of that ſame *graceleſs Villain*, all *England* over before this; and if it had only ſmartly check't Fanatical-plots and deſigns, another ſort of People would have almoſt *canoniz'd* and *beſainted* the Preacher: but to be ſuch a *plain-dealer*, and to ſpare neither *Papiſt*, *Fanatick*, nor *curſing Debauchee* (which *three* include a great part of the *Blockiſh-Engliſh*) *That*, *That* makes the Sermon on —*Curſe ye* Meroz, the *common-eye-ſore* to ſome, as well as the *common-Talk* to all.

But if no man can anſwer, nor ſave old *Calvin's-Ears*, with Scholar-like, Man-like, and Chriſtian-like Attacques, they ſeem to yield *the Cauſe*, *the Cauſe*; or at leaſt, make it very precarious, if they can only juſtifie it by ſtiling the Preacher *graceleſs Villain*, *Maſs-book-kiſſer*, &c. whilſt the ſaid Sermon will ſo much the more carry the Vogue ſtill, notwithſtanding all the Dirt endeavour'd to be caſt upon the Author, which like Dirt and Stones thrown at Heaven will neither hurt nor endanger any thing but their own Pates; and (obſerve it,) none rail ſo buſily, and concern'd both againſt the ſaid Sermon and its Author, as thoſe that are *Demagogues* and *Partizans*, men of Deſigns, as deſperate as their Fortunes; being afraid——any man ſhould clarify the Waters, and ſpoil their fiſhing, which never thrives but in troubled Waters.

In

In the Name of God, What would men be at? Ought any thing to be grateful and acceptable to men, if Phyſicians be not ſo, eſpecially ſuch as bring certain and ſound Medicines to cure and prevent the Diſtempers of Soul and Body, chiefly the Body Politick, and all this without a Fee?

Is he not a Friend that ſaves mens Lives, and ſaves ſome from the Gallows? ſuch, ſuch a dear Friend is Mr. *Hickeringill* to mad Fanaticks (they are not all ſo mad, God forbid) and by them he ought to be hug'd and eſteem'd for the Phyſick he preſcribes them, it's ſo good and *wholſom*, though it be not ſo ſweet and *toothſome* to Fleſh and Blood, the old man, and the old Principles and leven within them.

By the *falſe* Comments ---on *Curſe ye* Meroz, thouſands and multitudes, nay the Kingdom has been ruin'd;---- By this *true* Interpretation and Proſecution, thouſands and Multitudes may be kept from Ruine, Arms, and Civil-War: and is he a Phyſician of no Value (but to be rail'd at, threatned and revil'd) that can ſtop a breeding Pluriſie in a Body rank of Blood, before it come to the laſt Remedy, breathing a Vein, and Blood-letting?

Omnia cum liceant, non licet eſſe pium?

Since ſome (to Sin) plead Libetty,
Why (to reprove it) may not I?

But the ſageſt of all his Obſervations I had almoſt neglected, *p. 6.* concerning the *cutting in two* the *man of Sin*, or *Son of Perdition* (by contradiſtinguiſhing him, as he calls it) *into the Spirit* of *Popery*, and the Spirit of *Foppery*, as if any thing in the World could be more a *Foppery* than *Popery*, and thus he beſtows upon us moſt liberally

berally at once a Taſte of his *Logick*, (as good) as his *Rhetorick*.

I thought a man might have divided a *Crab* into Two, very Logically and Mathematically, and yet it was not very neceſſary that thoſe Two (Parts) ſhould be contradiſtinguiſh'd.

But the apteſt Reply (if ſuch *Obſervations* require any other Reply, ſave *Neglect* and *Scorn*) is an *Aphoriſm* too, borrowed from a Brother of the Quill; namely, — *Compariſons are generally odious, eſpecially betwixt things incomparably good*, namely, Popery and Fanaticiſme, Popery and Foppery.

I am in the *Obſervator's Debt*, (I confeſs) thus by *borrowing* of him, but if he will take my word, (though I am now (like a *Great man* when his Creditors *dun* him) *in great haſte, and cannot ſtay*) yet, *upon my Word and Honour*, I give it here *under my hand*, that I'le *pay him off* in my next; if it be but for belying Mr. *Hickeringill* ſo *impudently* out of his own Book, *Greg. Gray-beard*, when every Body can contradict and convince him of his *Lyes* in Print.

I would call them *Frailties*, if the *Obſervator* was onely *fleſh* and *blood*, but his *Brow* is *Braſs*, or elſe he durſt not ſay, *p.* 3. 'That All and every bit, that is worth the 'reading, in this Elaborate Sermon, and with very ſmall 'variation of Words, we have in the ſaid Book, *Greg.* '*Gray-beard*; whereas there is not one word in that Book concerning --- *Curſe ye Meroz*, --- but the *Interpretation* of it, every word whereof the *Obſervator* has Re-printed, (picking it here and there) in his *p.* 3. And is *all* that's *worth the reading* in the whole ſheet.

I wonder he did not alſo Re-print his Brother *Hugh Peter's Sermon* there alſo in *Rhithm-Burleſque*, as well as in *Print*, and ſo have ſerv'd up alſo more *Cold-pye*, with his

his additional *Oleo's*, that are onely for *ſhew* not *Uſe*: How concern'd the *Poor-man* is, to undervalue Mr. *Hickeringill*'s Treat to the City? But Envy never ſpeaks well, and ſeldom true; How early he beſpeaks their Ingratitude? But (God be thanked) there are more Generous and Ingenuous; they are (not all) *blockiſh Engliſh*, though (you know) in the dayes of yore (and darkneſs) multitudes of them were ſuch *blind* and *tame* things as to be *led by the Noſe* to their Ruin, with Foppery and foppiſh Comments on --- *Curſe ye Meroz*, --- to that height, that *England* became a *Lamentation* as well as a *Laughing-ſtock* to all Nations.

Till our vertiginous Round-head, giddy-crown-tricks and various overturnings, overturnings of Governments, (as if we had a mind to *ſhew tricks* in Politicks, and the *double-Sommerſet* with our Governours) convinc't our ſelves at long run, as well as all the World, how ridiculous and blockiſh the Generous *Engliſh* were become; and that inſtead of Goſpel-Light, we had been gull'd with Whimſies, Fancies, Fopperies, and Phanatiſmes, by Jeſuits, or (their Apes) the Presbyterians; and ſo, at laſt were willing, in the *Reſtauration* of His Majeſty and his Laws, to be alſo *reſtor'd* to our Wits.

But ſome men would perſwade us, we have *yet* onely our *lucida Intervalla*, and that there is ſome fear of a *Midſummer Moon*.

HUGH

Dup.
6. 2.

HUGH PETERS's

SERMON

UPON

Judg. 5. 23. *Curse ye Meroz* —

Represented, like it self, in this Drolling Pulpit-stuff.

HID in these words, *it plain appears,*
Lie Men and Arms, *'gainst Cavaliers:*
I see them clear as any thing,
Both Foot and Horse, *against the King:*
Couchant, *I grant,* Perdue *they lie,*
Nor seen indeed by Carnal *eye;*
Because they lye in Ambuscade;
But ready are for a Parade:
Arm'd Cap-apee; *and One and All,*
To come when we do beat a Call.
Drum-major I, *on Pulpit Drum,*
Am therefore now, beloved, come
With Bible in Geneva *Print,*
To turn up All, this Text *has in't.*
In which, *two Parts, at least, I count,*
Here's Gerazim, *there's* Ebal *Mount:*

Here lies the Bleſſing, *there the* Curſe :
Take you the better part ; *the* worſe
Is good enough for Cavaliers ;
And ſuch as dare not ſhew their Eares,
As Round-heads *do, in Good Old Cauſe,*
For Liberty, Religion, Laws :
For which, *who dies, is* curſed never,
From which, *who flies, is* curſed ever.
For which, *who dyes, is* bleſſed ever,
From which, *who flies, is* bleſſed never.
Since I was with you laſt, I've been,
To tell you Truth, in Hell and Heaven :
You'l ſay, perhaps, it is a great way,
Yet to the firſt, *it is a neat way* ;
And to be found out very eaſie,
And down-hill alway to't, an't pleaſe ye :
Nor is't far off, ye may come to't
In one day, though ye go on foot :
And Bare-foot, without ſhooes or hoſe.
Of all dayes in the Week, I choſe
The Sabbath (*taught by Maſter* Gurney ;)
To ſpeed the better in my Journey :
For one may Preach, and Cant, and Pray ;
Yet never be out of the way :
Gallants may whore, and roar, and play,
Yet all the while Poſt thither may :
Others may whine, ſnivel, and faſt,
And yet may thither come at laſt ;
Still the more idlely men live,
With greater ſpeed they thither drive.
When I came there, who (do you think)
I ſpy'd, as I ſtood at Pit's brink ?
Except the Cavaliers, *not one* :
And onely one Committee-man,

With

With Sequeſtrators three, at th' door;
Only condemn'd for being poor,
And balking of a Biſhop's Land,
Sentenc'd for ever there to ſtand.
My foot ſtood juſt at brink of Pit,
A little more I'd been in it:
Truly, I durſt not come too near,
As I good reaſon had to fear:
Long Prayers there are no aſſiſtance,
I therefore ſtill did keep my diſtance:
And loth to ſtay, the Fiends to ſhun,
Like Hare before the Hounds, I run,
And I, though fat, away did hie,
To ſee what I in Heaven could ſpie.
And to that purpoſe I did gather
In Arabs *a great* Phœnix *feather*
To fly withall, a pretty thing,
Dædalus *ne're imp'd ſuch a Wing;*
Reſolving with my ſelf to flie
Above the Clouds, and Starry skie;
Hoping the better to get in,
Becauſe my Name-ſake is in Heaven,
St. Peter *at the door: yet I,*
Thinking on't better, (loth to fly
So high a Pitch) had cauſe to fear
I never ſhould find Entrance there,
On that account (but was to blame)
Peter *was not my* Chriſtian-name.
Beſides, I fear'd St. Peter *ſhould*
Owe me a Grudge, becauſe I would
Often (for which I now am vex't)
Make a bold ſally from my Text
Againſt the Pope, *who is ally'd*
To Peter *by the ſurer ſide.*

Fearing Succeſs, and loth to climb,
I put off till ſome other time
The Journey: I deſiſting then
Can tell you no great News from Heaven.
Therefore I'll keep me to my Text,
That with ſome doubts is much perplext;
But I'll reſolve All *out of hand,*
And firſt, in order as they ſtand,
Curſe ye Meroz —— *What is* Meroz?
Some Infidel will not come near us,
Nor to us will Horſe and Arms bring,
But rather ſend them to the King,
And go himſelf, and men to boot;
But for the Cauſe *not ſtir one foot.*
This is that Curſed Meroz, *that*
To th' Parliament will ſend no Plate,
But from us if he can, will lock it,
And keep his money in his Pocket.
So much for that. Another word
There is to clear: —— Help of the Lord.
Help of the Lord! *What's that?* Lord Biſhop?
Or Houſe of Lords? *Not ſo, I hope:*
Nor Lord Newcaſtle, *nor* Lord Goring;
(*With whom the Wicked go a Whoring;*)
Help of the Lord, *is One and All*
Help the Lord Eſſex, General.
But that's not All, *for Moneys are*
The Nerves and Sinews too of War;
For Powder muſt be had for Gun;
(*We had as good elſe ne'r begun;*)
If the Red-Coats *have not their Pay,*
They'l from their Colours run away;
Nor will they willing be to die:
Nay, and perhaps may may mutiny

For want of Pay; where are we then?
We may go hang our ſelves for men,
Except we money have. The Gold
Muſt here be found, as I'l unfold;
Help of the Lord then, *is*, *Dear Honeys*,
Help the poor Red-Coats with your Moneys.
Down with your Duſt then; come be nimble,
Plate, Bodkins, Tankards, Spoon, or Thimble:
All theſe (then as if at a ſtand,
And into Pocket putting his hand)
All theſe (like Barber's Teeth, being ſtrung
On red Cloth, ready as they hung)
(*Holding forth, ſaid, All theſe* (*good People!*)
From Colcheſter, *St.* Peter's *Steeple*
Are all clear gains; and I aſſure ye
As many more I got at Bury.
Then (leſt the People ſhould diſcover
His ſleight of hand, and ſo give over,
Finding the Juggle out, and mock it)
He put his hand in th' other Pocket,
As feeling for ſome other ſtrings:
(But in the *interim* ſlily flings
His right hand into th' left behind,
And then the better them to blind,
His hands met under's cloak, in brief,
As the Receiver with the Thief)
He held it out then to be ſeen,
(*As* if ſome other ſtring 't had been,
And ſaid) *This other ſtring of Plate*
I, from the Wives of Ipſwich *got.*
The Butcher's Wife *did freely give*
All the poor Soul had, I believe:
I got all to her very Plackit,
And can have more ſtill when I lack it.

Help

Help of the Lord then, *is*, *Dear Coneys!*
Help us, dear Petticoats, with moneys!
Liſt; *for I hear this Text plain lye,*
Fine Ends of Gold and Silver *cry:*
(Beggars muſt be no chuſers) whether
Silver broken or whole; *bring't hither*;
Good Wife or Wench; *the Widows mite:*
Oliver C. *ſhall you requite*;
If you'l not credit what he ſaith,
I'l give you then the Publick Faith.
Methinks I hear the Proverb ſtarted,
A Fool and's Money is ſoon parted:
That Proverb does belong to thoſe
That part with money to our Foes.
Help, who? *the* King? *No. No ſuch thing,*
Help Parliament, *not Help the* King:
When we ſay King and Parliament,
The Parliament alone *is meant.*
So much for this time then I ſay.
Deſiderantur Cætera.

Let all Ingenuous *Engliſh* judge, if this *Burleſque Sermon*, and that preach'd at *Guild-Hall*, be the ſame, with very ſmall variation.

But I muſt withdraw my Pen, and not tranſgreſs at this Rate the bounds of a Letter; wherein, if I have given you but ſlender Entertainment, attribute it to my great haſte, that forces me to write off-hand, having not time to Copy it more fair and dextrouſly, being diverted alſo by more neceſſary Employes, but chiefly aſcribe it to that ſlender occaſion that is given by this *Bo-peep Obſervator*, and they muſt be very *blockiſh Engliſh* that have not obſerv'd the falſe *Quotations*,

tions, *Calumnies*, ſly *Inſinuations* and *Reproaches*, yet *craſty Evaſions*, if he ſhould be diſcover'd, in that his ſo putid and impertinent Scribble.

Whilſt in the Interim I thus prove how ready I am to take all occaſions to approve my ſelf,

May 28th 1680. Your Servant

A. B.

FINIS.